

Revenging Farce
Insist on righteousness
once more, as
your fastened eyes
affright again.

The next time, cowards
laugh, trust-
ing there's an
end of it. Bide
your hallowed space & then:
eviscerate them
mid-dance—it's your
bounden duty.

In the melee other dancers
fall, this,
the collateral benefit of
lust.

In the 19th century history was supposed to repeat itself: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce. –Talking Points